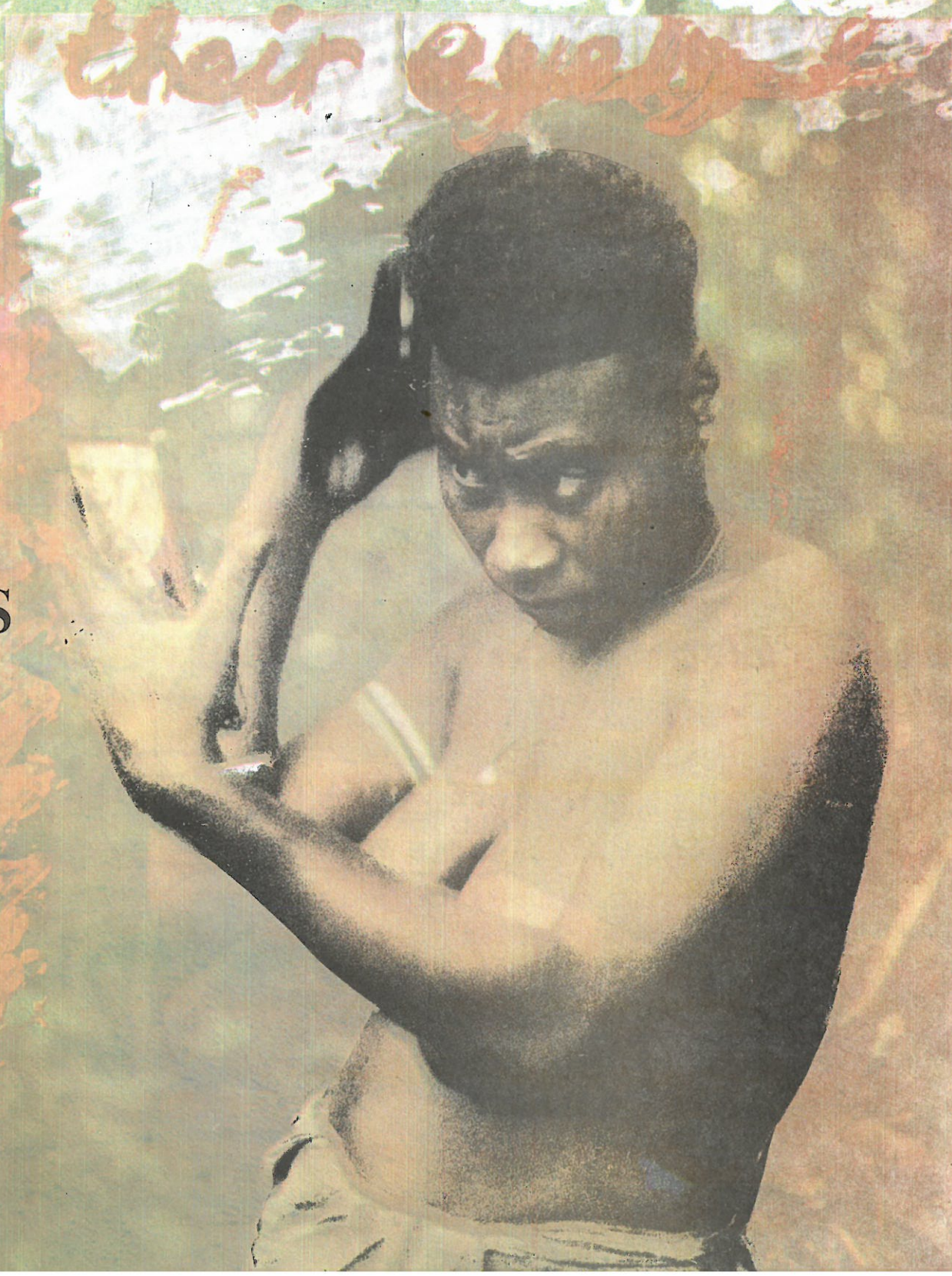


All the poets they
studied rules of verse
And these ladies then
roll their eyes

ALL
THE
POETS
Vol 2



"Lost between Torment and Innocence"

this is the second magazine to be issued under the "All the POETS" banner — produced by Mark Schlössburg and John Tottenham — Thanks to all the savage Prodigals who helped us get this one together ...

Conroy Jay,

Billy Carless, Anna, Maureen, Lynn, Bernard and Kate...

We need stuff for the next issue, so if anyone's hip to what we're trying to do —
GET IN TOUCH.

— dig !?!

January 1980

77 Templars Avenue
London NW11 1JG

77 Templars Ave
London NW11 1JG

GEE... HOW'LL I EVER LEARN ALL THAT... I'M JUST A SIMPLE POET BUM...



REVOLT FROM YOURSELVES,
BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO GAIN EXCEPT YOUR
VERY LIVES!!





The wind dusts its eyes
as mine shift from the white-walled hapiness
of an uptown hostel
to the groaning bed lying sunburst beneath
an old picture torn from a magazine

the window sketches you
and beneath the dustless shutters screams
another kind of pain

begging for sensation and laughter come the
sweat-boys - fresh out of uniform
fresh from their brick-wall lagoons
strumming black death metal over their heavy shoulders
belching green hero poses
whilst at their heels the dirt that clings like
a woman to their sunshine
leaves its mark upon the floor

the window calls us across treetops ripe with
the morning sun
browning the toothless Australian traveller
who chainsmokes his life into a
little porcelain ashtray beside the bed
and a wine bottle offers me lukewarm water
(a breakfast table descision)

waking before the sun, I know that she likes me
even though I make the coffee so that
some of the brown powder floats on top
and tears stifle my exit

as the union jack screams at me
from the other side of the room

mark schlossberg august 1979

MAUREEN

The weight of this boredom is

booming down

Forever fall asleep on stool in the dark
and if it escapes you then dont take any notice

If the clear blue light breaks down

and you fall through the bottom of your

Well, please dont call me,

The leaves are blasting down the road,

The hotel rooms are fairly vacant,

My dreams have come true

my worst dreams

Non horse riders in the sky

see through me

lose yourself in reality

it's small and better,

Your instrument is loose

your poke hard and gone

erect drawn in front of a wall

Telephone conversations late at night

Unwoven beginnings

burnt by candle light

Sing down the street dreaming

Let me tell the end and beginning in you

Stomp the dust from your affections

Lose yourself between wrong and right

Forget nothing

groan smithereens

Be Gone..

J.C. R. Heenan

GO TO THE SKY,
DON'T GET THE RIVER
GOOD...



I hid my dreams somewhere
on a blade of iron
or a rusty fence
or a black coach-ride with
cardboard trees and dusty signs
that guide me through
the sharpness of this European night
she knows everything - but her eyes remain silent
carved like emeralds into the broken blue deckchair
that patiently sits on the balcony
safe beneath the smiling coca-cola poster
and clothes that fall in the mud echo stolen breaths
that move
only when the metal finger kisses their arms
love me now - while the ink is still wet
and let me carve my verse into your back
before the night drips away
and the sunrise flickers through the half-drawn blinds
morning caught me pulling my sweat-skinned T-shirt
over newly browned ribs
searching through torn pockets
for the paper that you wrap around your heart/
that ties you to your chair/
that sometimes sets me free
finding none, I turn towards the door
but something calls me back again-
the spirit of the savage prodigal has, once again
torn me asunder-
snapping my limbs and throwing my eyes like dice
onto the grubby floor-boards beneath me
and I fall in a ragged, writhing heap
crawling over splintered glass
begging for mercy



mark schlossberg december 1979

Charles Manson's last words
are seeping through the crack in the door
The urinal is singing Bing Crosby to sleep
Theres a crowd in the corner laughing
about what i dont know
but im sure i wouldnt find it funny

Ha Ha
tomorrow is a liar

and flesh incinerated
with words spitting
is on all fours
crouching in the doorway
saying, yes, come on, its alright, you can have fun too,

but i say no
no thankyou
and continue

and imagine blue mist smokering out of the scab on my finger,
and remember the last thoughts before sleep on any night
of this week,

and anyway according to you this problem doesnt even exist,

and so what

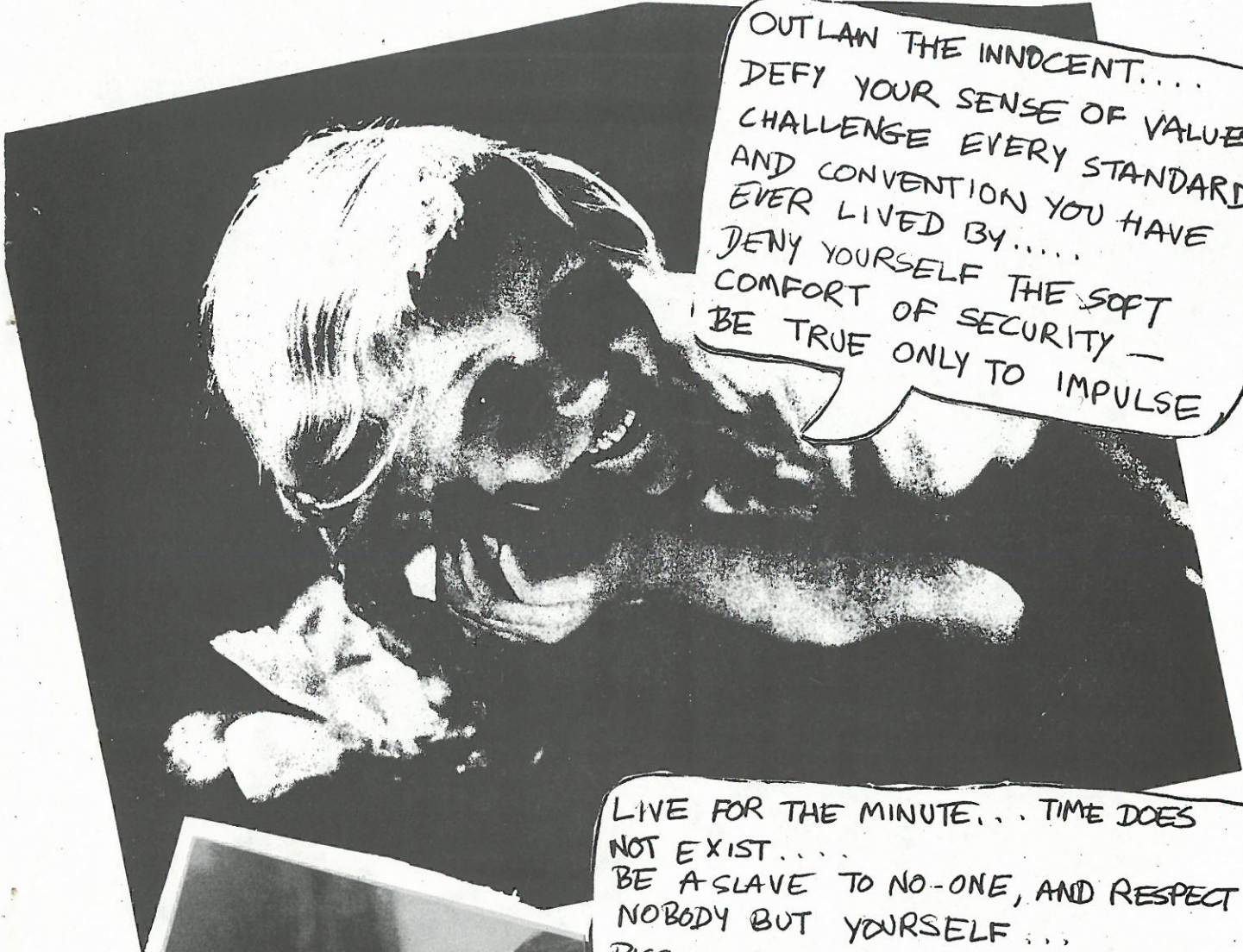
i want to bury myself in dishrags
crawl underneath the carpet
inhale sawdust
crack the life from these limbs
and shake in a straightjacket in unknown sheets.

then sleep
then dream

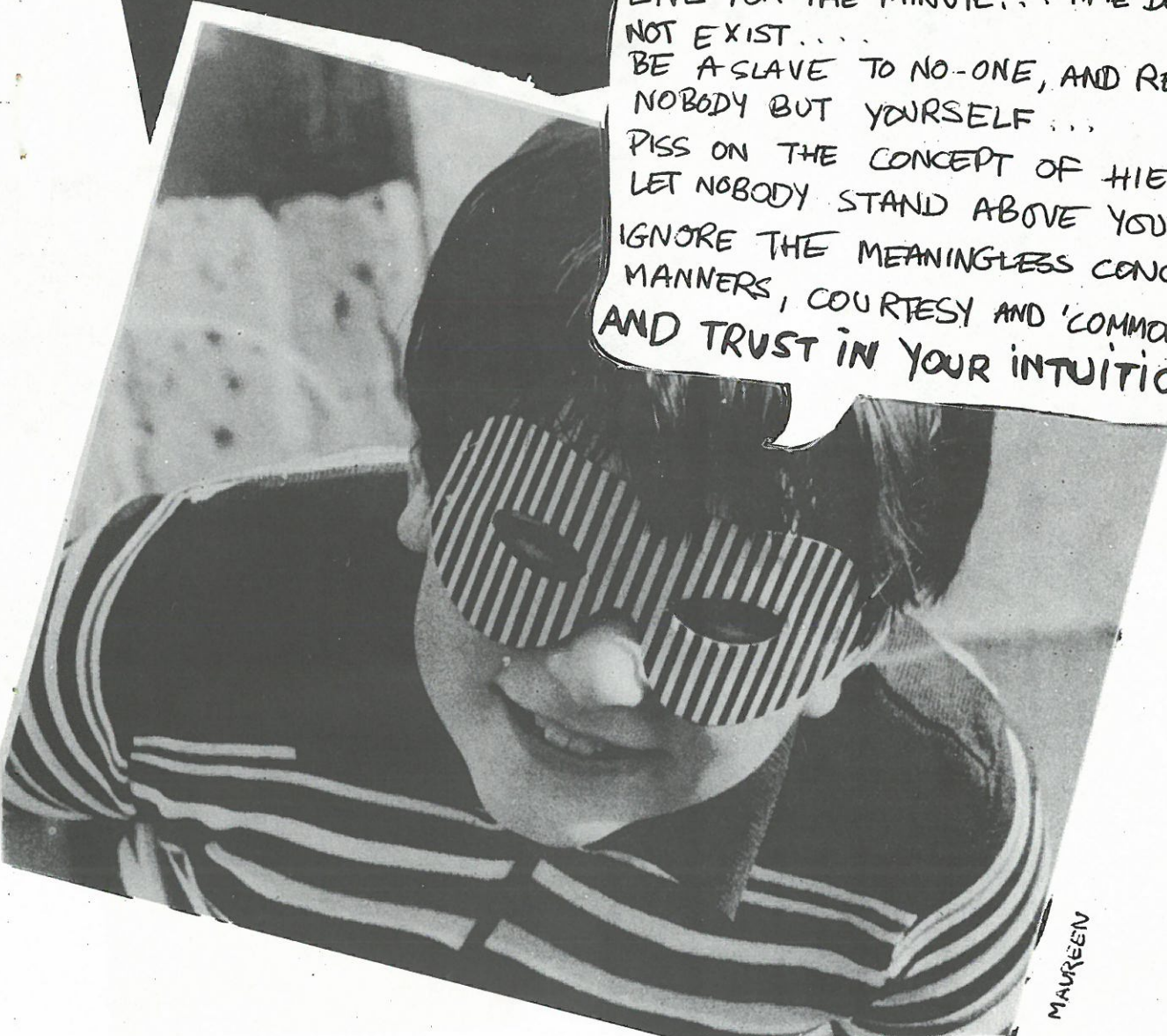
your desires are floating over you
almost gone

this adventure has not been bitten yet.

J. C. D. K. H. M.



OUTLAW THE INNOCENT....
DEFY YOUR SENSE OF VALUES,
CHALLENGE EVERY STANDARD
AND CONVENTION YOU HAVE
EVER LIVED BY.....
DENY YOURSELF THE SOFT
COMFORT OF SECURITY —
BE TRUE ONLY TO IMPULSE



LIVE FOR THE MINUTE... TIME DOES
NOT EXIST....
BE A SLAVE TO NO-ONE, AND RESPECT
NOBODY BUT YOURSELF...
PISS ON THE CONCEPT OF HIERARCHY-
LET NOBODY STAND ABOVE YOU...
IGNORE THE MEANINGLESS CONCEPTS OF
MANNERS, COURTESY AND 'COMMON SENSE'
AND TRUST IN YOUR INTUITION BABY!

MAUREEN



I SEE YOU LIVE ON
LOVE STREET...
THATS THE PLACE
WHERE THE CREATURES
MEET...



5



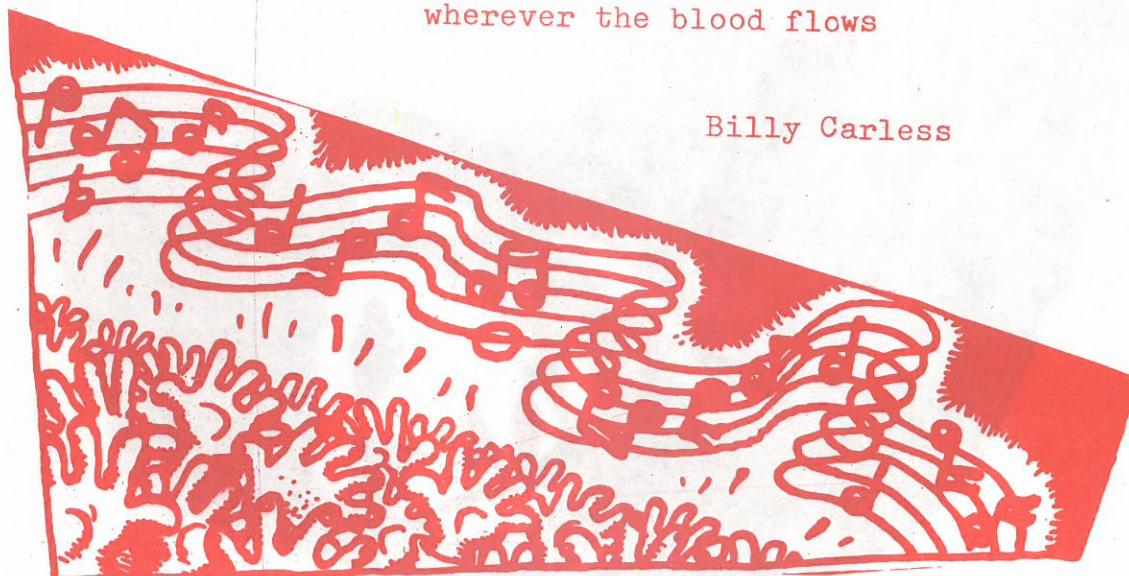


Societies founded on
 broken lives
 hearts which can never mend
 with superficial affection
 gay abandon
 profound doctrine
 conscience omnipresent
 audience
 actions high and noble
 also contriwise
 judged with severity
 the guillotine edge
 dark power blazing
 glory
 you choose
 the cauldron



the white haired
 red lipped woman
 in blacked shroud
 child marders
 in the centre of
 a crowd
 in the wilderness
 one can make bread
 from a stone
 wherever the blood flows

Billy Carless



Telephone wakes me from sweat-laden slumber
as the breakfast birds scream blood through my ears
sigh of sleeplessness drowns in the wind
first bones break the morning dew

sitting upright after so many jumbled visions of tomorrow
have attacked my head throughout this night
seems like a great effort

but the telephone drills my skull into submission
greasy-fingered phone handle slippery-grips my arm
and the crackled muttering fades with a sharp click
till tomorrow
when tea-stained chest and neck belch in
white and pastel groans

rumpled sheet soaks my blood-burnt back
swimming through white polyester nightmare
boneless/motionless/head steaming
bursting from energy trapped in a
stubbled morphia haze

mark schlossberg 1979



BILLION

Leaning against the bar
Hard unlike diamonds maybe watched
Half calm in the element of desire
no secrets can hide here
In black leather or white mopped visage
Someone can squeal
Someone can cheat
In the suffocating sea of faces that wink and lie and smile
It's in your eyes the food that others eat
Glad in angst against gaudy pianos and walls
Fast and slow in the steam of disco heat
The boys that dance all night
you have to watch
Tossed swirling lost and found
through the conversation, the excuse that keeps the beat
A maze of stares moaning in on you
thrown like desire burns
In a mud of drunk and drone
that blows and walls inside
through the crazed bitten lust that's safe through the lies
that money hides
the cool lost of those who know
It's what you've got that you don't have to keep
And he laughs loud and real
he's going to the States
And he follows me to the toilet
and all the expectation that half hides in every happy face
is now alive peeled and boiling
with half a hard on crouching on the floor
And it's where care can't excuse the dread
It's slumped over cars and broken in dreams
the forgotten dead of tomorrow are here.

John C. McKeever

OH what does it matter theres so so much. Take it take it
 its there the swiftness of this sound is the glossy that walks
 in front of you the burden is your imagination. throw yourself
 to the mercy of your desires the sea ...

Just that
 coats is ju
 person air
 es are in
 le a lot
 believe i
 it goes li
 lutely vir
 mship of c
 wont help
 guyana .it
 ately ;onl
 ting, under

the old er order li
 s that ..the thrill
 and er whar does it m
 subjected toruled by/
 ke OLD MEN OLD MEN LOD
 or not Something Else
 ke this.on the fern at 2
 avnition almost everything
 you noeone will the good
 would be besNot t ohave
 r recently imean WHAT rea
 leath the fhro over

and th
 o loe yc
 t peoples
 cramps on
 old end th
 e like that
 was a dance
 oes is under t
 all under thrash
 are the best of
 problems no no no
 is new challenging

Polli
 aby let
 anywa
 it c
 ong t
 nd .m.
 me
 a k
 ys
 y

B
 ter
 tHel
 EN
 u
 00
 an
 vic
 u



LIKE

STRENGTH

The Night is not young anymore
 There is no time tomorrow
 Every movement, Every touch
 Is born to aim
 We must not be weary
 We cannot pretend
 We cannot study the leaves on the ground
 We cannot fly, unlike birds
 We cannot be left alone
 Plunge like fists Past Darkness
 In these days two becomes nine
 There is a chance
 Take IT!

John C. P. Henrich

the cemetery soil never settles/ autopsy / biopsy /necropsy/
money/ money/ money/ Beneath my wellies the maggots

crawl through the rotting grey corpses/ each one is me/
wrapped in ceremonious shrouds/ masked death/
petrified dreams/ beneath my rubber wellies/
the white worms/ the worn and weathered utopian
fantasies/ flagilations/ elations/ revelations/
visions/ televisions/ opium nitemares/ masturbation
with a bloodied crucifix vibrator that leave scratch
marks across waxed thighs/ death with honour/

death with dinner/ the glorias dead/ the glorius
dead sacred cow laid out across the fine
irish linen table cloth/ jesus laid out in a tomb
of stone/ mary jo got laid in the back of the
school yard/ Isadora is dead and they weep for her
sixty years later/ fame beneath the fingernails/
mortuary mortality/ monetary imortality/ blood

money/ blood money/ : and said unto them, what
will ye give me and I shall deliver him unto
you? and they covenanted with him for
thirty pieces of silver:/

mortuary imortality/ monetary vigil/ memphis made
millions on memorabilia/ elvis records/
elvis amphetetimes/ elvis T shirts/ elvis machine
guns/ elvis memiors/ Elvis's rigamortis ridden
prick/ formaldehyde is valuable/ we are sold
death constantly/ we are born in a mass grave/
every bullet fired puts a fresh bill in some
ones leather wallet/ instead of a crown of thorns
we wear easter lily wreaths around are slit throats/
fuck lust suicide race/ fuck up the ass on a death bed/
sterile life/ boogie nites/ milton Keynes and
Coca Cola/ Roman holiday/ I CANNOT ACCEPT THIS
OPEN GRAVE THEY OFFER/

annie anxiety guevera

A ROOFTOP SONG IN A THUNDERSTORM ROW MISSING THE POINT

With yellow, red and roomy food, and quivered,
crouching on a golden cushion,

UNDRESSED HIMSELF, to dissapear
through an infinity of pleasure.

And smiled to free the running me,
with "am i my brothers keeper?"

His meek hand on devils gloves,
shaping running blood.

The prophesy, to recreate the truth
in Visions of a seasonal mood.

In truth, the only sight he saw
lay hidden in the bathroom door,
and spat on the rug.

As high is high,
so low is low,
and thats the end of it.

Syd Barrett

They are amazed

I lift the sweaty can to my frost-broken lips
smiling teeth shine like newly stolen diamonds
behind me

a taste of tin slices my tongue in half
and blood creeps shyly
from my open maw

a table for two at the back of the room
holds a candlelit suggestion
so

moving over I grin and grimace
clicking my fingers to the poison ivy beat
of last years death dances
knuckle bones that finger-snap shards of silver
into my eyes
echo through corridors of ivory

its no good laughing over spilt dreams
its nearly next year
but

i thought today would never end
and tomorrow - something you speak about
in hushed whispers
behind locked eyelids
from sunken doorways

hold me while my flesh drips away
dont say you love me,
just

mark schlossberg december 24 1979

'the buffalo will all be killed'.

Pleasure is from-song

¡BASTA YA!...
¡SUÉLTANOS,
BOBO!

And look at that gingerbread cake - and that fr
e" said Larry. "We never seem to have such nice teas
you do, Pip."

日本ではもう一
るでしょそれが
間で言葉がなく
時間と
れますね
じょう



He had orangeade and biscuits, which everyone was
pleased to see. in fact that they had -

How do we know this chap isn't
an international gang of crooked piano-

WE TALK FROM DARK
PLACES/... WORDS
FALL FROM OUR LIPS/
... DEATHS ON
INDIFFERENT TONGUES

年、あく、
エロチズム、
人の挑戦の中、
歩いているのだろ
からのロードは
「26歳」の組み写真
あふれた感で
「分のは何か異色で
った」と笑う。友
イン会社を助める
を、その性を中心
「撮ったもの。
もつとドギツク大
きのような写真も
ったんですよ。何
ークの人で撮った
レイキのロー



Loose;

Green clinging night roar hands across eyes
wax clinging on have spent your ass through
smokerings of broken doors, while the sun shines
through the window and people seem to look so helpless
and blood aint dirt, who else is there
in this night that rolls down these streets
falling and glimmering out of a dream and
vaguely shining through the light

determined by smoking

spreading for miles

Isolation Booth

Listening to sounds that time never leaves

the Beasts hold anything, Freshly used

contraceptives or white flesh with hairs

revolving the ticket stubs around on the end of

a string spending time in the indistinct

line drawn between pleasure and pain

the girl with stars in my eyes standing

there GUILT GUILT GUILT GUILT GUILT

Real Passion, Real pleasure,

Real life, love or something else

Start thinking-Pulsating before and in, trying

to contain yourself-fused perfectly and say

mmmm-was older than you with a snatch

like a nose and breathing like a human being

and love is a mathematician breathing vision

stabbing dont go aways and bleeding wax

in your eyes away from the tragedy of everyday

life, going to waste, trusting your tongue, but for

dreams there, and in the morning screaming

crouched in an alleyway, walking alone, at the bottom

of the sky, in the museums, like a white zip in a black

jacket, wrapped in your world. The goes on and on and on

and on concerning open spaces-leaning back lighting a

cigarette-it's hardly the same.

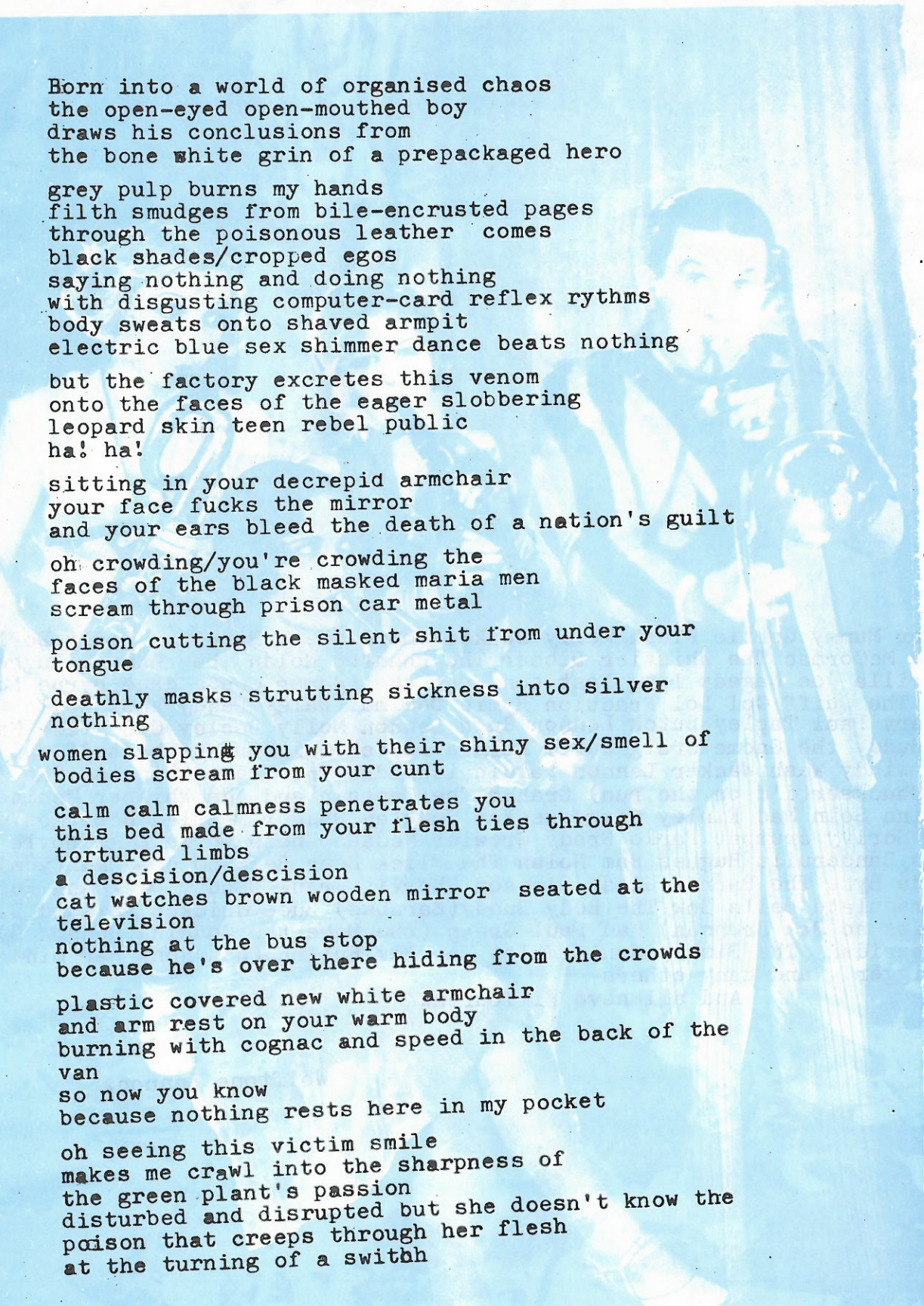
D.C. Alkenthay



Crowbar Mummy Gertie Flash Kelly Nunkie Cmore Sweat Hannigan Haney Doyle Leath
erarse McCormac The Whistler Dibber The Phantom Nolan The Phantom Hughes Magil
la Gorilla Joe Magees long lost son Ryan the runner Owens dane Byrne Lourdes M
urphy The Quiff Col Lol Fraction Hymie Decimal Daley Paddy snot Doyle Dead eye
Flannery Paul Tapley Butch Lennon Gugs Lennon Molly Dooley Cunt face Madigan 3
occo Buddy the Gnome Craig Waxie Bernie Duffer Shinner Walsh Stuff Walsh Inky
Walsh Windy Wash Wacker Lennon Faidinaidmidhe The flower Higgins The Jewel Sh
erro Chuckser(i'm on the run) Graham The Captain and the Whisper Canine Fraser
The Finn Sein Mad Finley Gorgeous Yem Coakley Dodger Nettles McDermotYores Ca
mpion Scrivy crumpet Parko Brody Growler McCabe Snots Doyle Eggs Doyle Conto M
ullins Banderuilt Hughes Bam Nolan The Flick Beep Beep 50 dead men(yem) The Jud
ge Dada Byne The Barrow Gloshe Gleeson Sheriff Frank Deputy Dick and Possee Eile
en Immaculate Bella Bow The Body Buddy(Barabus) Buco Chicken Pollard B.T.N.B.(
Big Tits no Bra Brennan) Mad Paul Green (the Dame the Cousin) Bunson Byrne She
ila Sheridan The Bishop Nonie Foley The Box Bullah (not just her mind Owens)
The Nigger and many others

And all have Fillourem.

Wolftone Lennon.



Born into a world of organised chaos
the open-eyed open-mouthed boy
draws his conclusions from
the bone white grin of a prepackaged hero
grey pulp burns my hands
filth smudges from bile-encrusted pages
through the poisonous leather comes
black shades/cropped egos
saying nothing and doing nothing
with disgusting computer-card reflex rythms
body sweats onto shaved armpit
electric blue sex shimmer dance beats nothing
but the factory excretes this venom
onto the faces of the eager slobbering
leopard skin teen rebel public
ha! ha!

sitting in your decrepid armchair
your face fucks the mirror
and your ears bleed the death of a nation's guilt

oh crowding/you're crowding the
faces of the black masked maria men
scream through prison car metal

poison cutting the silent shit from under your
tongue

deathly masks strutting sickness into silver
nothing

women slapping you with their shiny sex/smell of
bodies scream from your cunt

calm calm calmness penetrates you
this bed made from your flesh ties through
tortured limbs

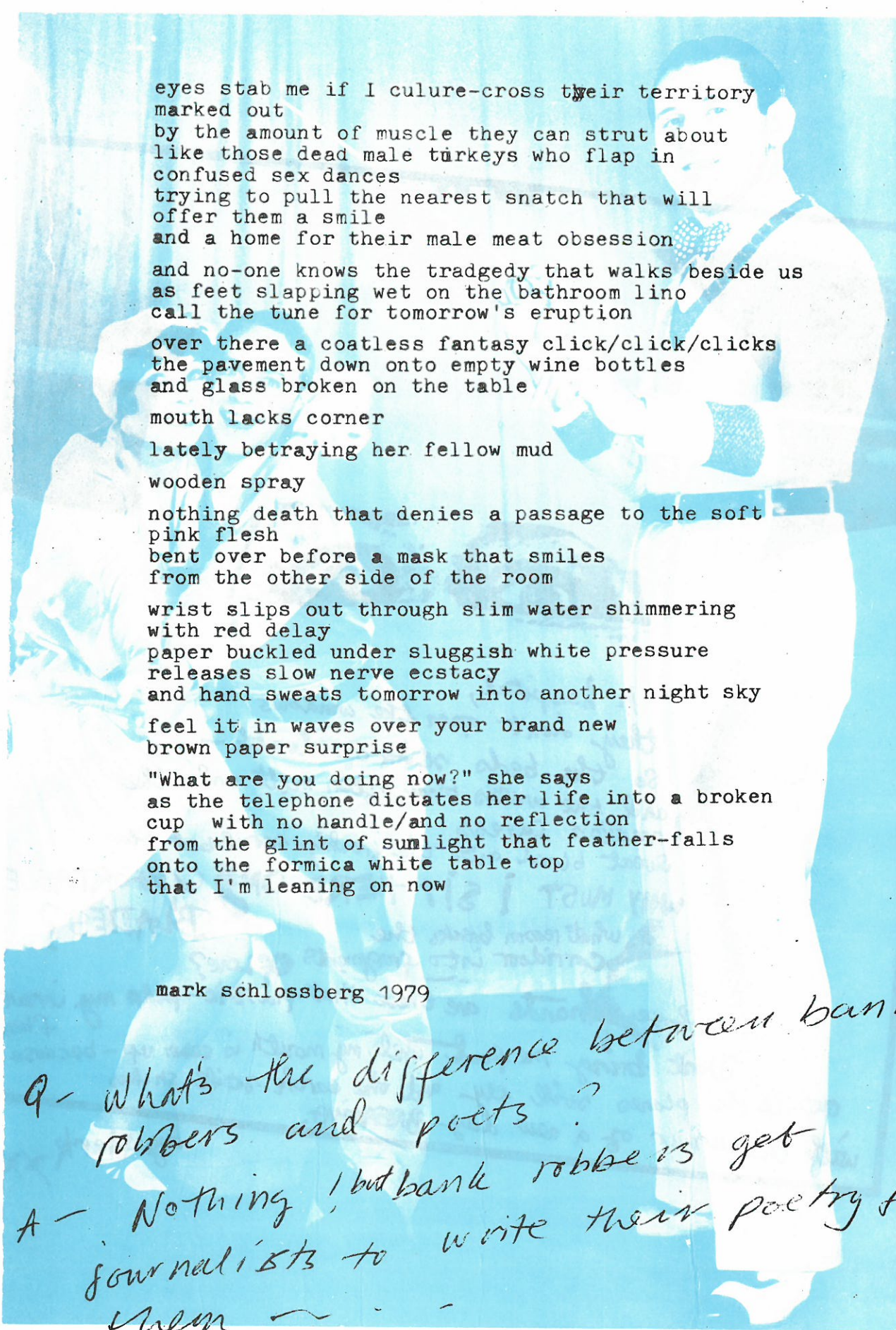
a descision/descision
cat watches brown wooden mirror seated at the
television

nothing at the bus stop
because he's over there hiding from the crowds

plastic covered new white armchair
and arm rest on your warm body
burning with cognac and speed in the back of the
van

so now you know
because nothing rests here in my pocket

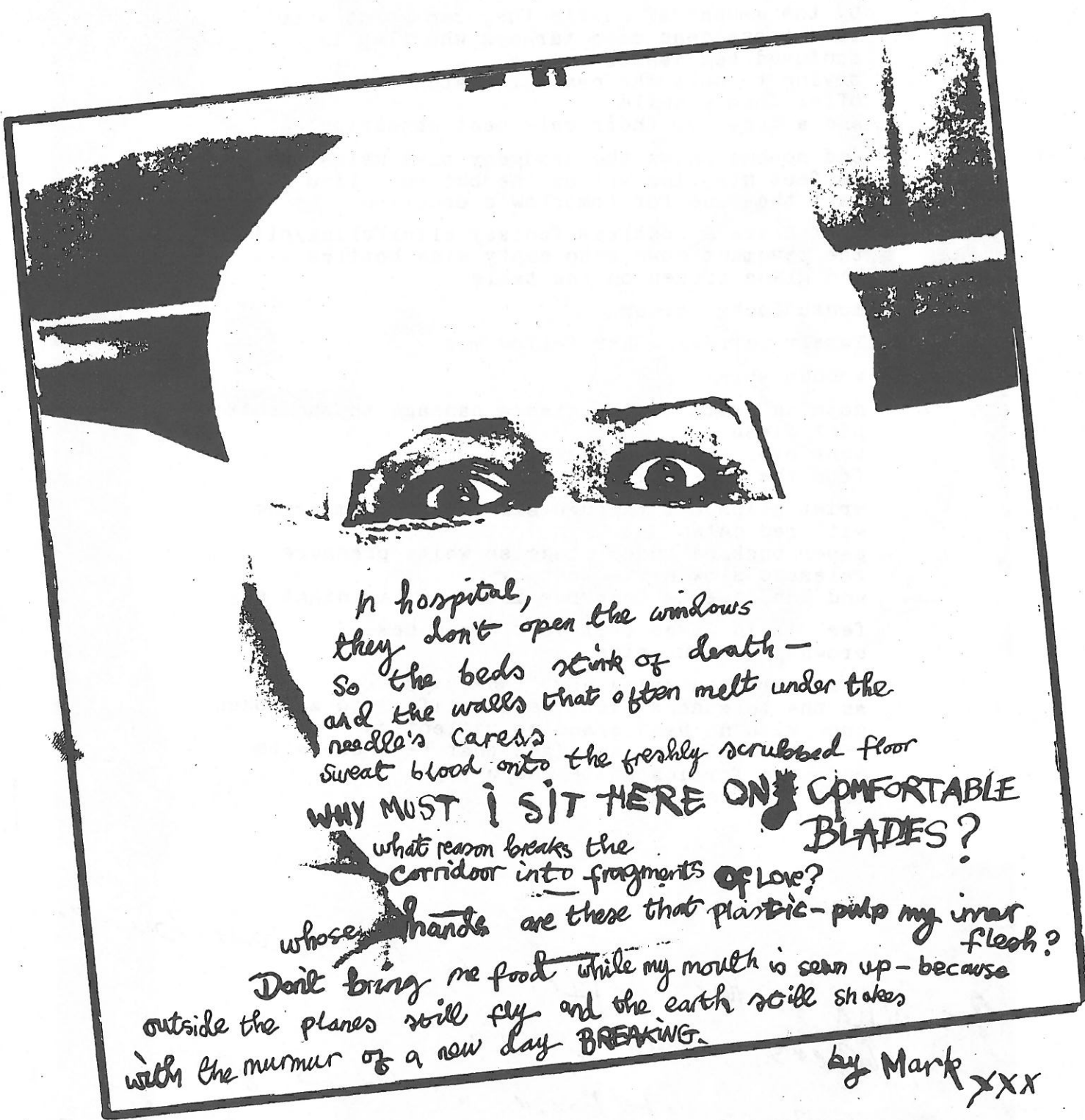
oh seeing this victim smile
makes me crawl into the sharpness of
the green plant's passion
disturbed and disrupted but she doesn't know the
poison that creeps through her flesh
at the turning of a swithh



eyes stab me if I culture-cross ~~the~~ their territory
marked out
by the amount of muscle they can strut about
like those dead male turkeys who flap in
confused sex dances
trying to pull the nearest snatch that will
offer them a smile
and a home for their male meat obsession
and no-one knows the tradgedy that walks beside us
as feet slapping wet on the bathroom lino
call the tune for tomorrow's eruption
over there a coatless fantasy click/click/clicks
the pavement down onto empty wine bottles
and glass broken on the table
mouth lacks corner
lately betraying her fellow mud
wooden spray
nothing death that denies a passage to the soft
pink flesh
bent over before a mask that smiles
from the other side of the room
wrist slips out through slim water shimmering
with red delay
paper buckled under sluggish white pressure
releases slow nerve ecstasy
and hand sweats tomorrow into another night sky
feel it in waves over your brand new
brown paper surprise
"What are you doing now?" she says
as the telephone dictates her life into a broken
cup with no handle/and no reflection
from the glint of sunlight that feather-falls
onto the formica white table top
that I'm leaning on now

mark schlossberg 1979

Q- What's the difference between bank
robbers and poets?
A- Nothing, but bank robbers get
journalists to write their poetry for
them ~ ~ ~



In hospital,
they don't open the windows
So the beds stink of death -
and the walls that often melt under the
needle's caress
Sweat blood onto the freshly scrubbed floor

WHY MUST I SIT HERE ON COMFORTABLE
BLADES?

what reason breaks the
corridor into fragments of love?

whose hands are these that plastic-pulp my inner
flesh?

Don't bring me food while my mouth is sewn up - because
outside the planes will fly and the earth will shake
with the murmur of a new day BREAKING.

by Mark xxx

In the past we feel that we have been far too subtle, it is now time to state our position. Basically we'd prefer the magazine to be taken as it comes but there are a few things that need to be said. What it amounts to is that we are sick of the negativity in everything today concerning "youth", we are directly opposed to the scene, the music scene etc etc, when we say this we do not mean Elton John or Fleetwood Mac but groups who think they are doing something to change things i.e. numerous groups on small labels who play about one gig every two months and when they do behave in a totally condescending way towards the audience and never say anything encouraging or positive. Honestly do you really think the Fall are doing anything at all, there's just so much monotonous grey droning wasteland music around which passes for something different. If someone brought out a song like "Do you believe in magic" now people would just laugh. This attitude is mainly due to the press, n.m.e., gutter press, they're all the same, completely reactionary and very dangerous. These organs cannot survive without a new thing to revive and rather than encourage their readers to think for themselves do precisely the opposite, inspiring evil little fads and warring the factions against each other by implying their coolness. Anything remotely intellectual is laughed at as is the baring of real emotions. A veneer of calculated negativity and aggressiveness is shown. Street credibility is the most prized virtue. At the moment the press is trying to manipulate a beatnik revival and though we feel very affiliated with the beat scene, would not want to be part of a calculated revival, berets and turtle necks in Carnaby street etc etc. What we would really like to see is people taking a more positive attitude towards things, we love music but hate to see people so wrapped up in it that they can't think about anything else and their lives become totally enmeshed in the "scene" whereby a lot of people waste their youth through a self imposed outlook of aggression. This might sound like over-reacting but we'd like to meet some like minded people and do something outside these barriers known as freedom. Thankyou.

Love,

All the poets

XXXX

TO Patsy FROM FRODA

Dear patsy I

Am the BEAUTIFULL
GUITAR LIKE

you SAID SO ARE

you I Love
you

Do you XXXX

XXXX
XXXXXX

MMM
patsy

